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TILMAN AT RIDGEWAY

THE OPENING SPEECH OF HIS CANVASS FOR GOVERNOR.

A Statement of the Reasons for the Farmers' Movement in the Present Struggle, Where the Legislature Has Done Wrong, How to Correct Existing Evils.

The following is the report made by the Columbia Register of the speech of Capt. B. R. Tillman at the public meeting held in Ridgeway:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens of Fairfield County: Before I begin to say what I have to say, I must specially request the men behind me to come around in front and be where they can look me in the eye. (Applause.) I will make a further request, and that is that you give me your undivided attention. (Voice: "We'll do it.") If there is any one here who loses his interest, if he wants to talk, he should walk one side where he won't disturb those who want to listen.

I am pleased to meet my fellow citizens of Fairfield county. It affords me pleasure to meet my fellow citizens of any county that they may look me in the eye and judge whether I am the man I have been painted. From what you have seen in the newspapers you have reason to believe that you would see a man with horns, hoofs and a tail, who would belch forth fire and brimstone. But you will see only a simple farmer, who up to four years ago never had made a speech.

THANKFUL FOR FREE ADVERTISING. I want to return my thanks to the newspapers of South Carolina for so liberally advertising me. I think the newspapers should furnish me a purse for giving them so much material to put in their papers gratis.

CHILDREN OF ONE FAMILY.

We are here as the children of one family, sons of old South Carolina, and I feel that I can appeal to all of you, to do nothing to cause heart-burnings or cause any to regret this meeting.

We have a family quarrel in this State. When it is over we must come together as one man and see to it that the ascendancy of the Democratic party in this State is maintained.

AT THE NEWSPAPERS AGAIN.

I have no bad feelings against the newspaper men. I cannot feel otherwise than grateful to them for drawing to me friends, such friends as always come from just men to one unjustly treated. It is sweeping through the State, from county to county. This intolerance, this abuse of an honest white man and a Democrat, is having the natural effect of making me friends. And in some places they are taking a most effective way of bringing the newspapers to law by refusing to subscribe to them.

I don't want to be understood as saying anything against the freedom of the press. A free press is the palladium of our liberties. A licentious, one-sided press—every paper of that kind should be made to see that you can maintain your own right to think for yourself and keep your money in your breeches pocket at the same time. But they'll get right. They'll get step in time. You need more papers; you need good newspapers. You read too little. We are too ignorant. That is one reason of the trouble in the Democratic party of this State to-day. This has driven us to a canvass to meet the people face to face, and explain what the newspapers suppress and garble, and tell them the truth.

ALL SMOKE AND POWDER. While the newspapers have thundered to the right and to the left of me, it has been all smoke and powder. They have shot no bullets.

A gentleman is here (turning to Colonel Youmans) with a carpet-bag full of them (referring to the Colonel's valise on the platform) and I hope and beg you to give him a respectful hearing. (From the crowd: "We'll listen at him, but they didn't listen to you.")

Captain Tillman: "I had a good deal of cheering the last time I was in Barnwell."

Resuming the direct line of his remarks, the Captain continued: What is the charge against me? Sifted down it is that I have dared to allow the Farmers' Convention to put me before the people as a suitable man for Governor.

Alluding to what he was pleased to term the suppression of his speech before the March convention: "I am here as the

advocate of a policy. I am the champion of the principle I believe to be for the best interest of this people, and that is self-government.

The policy I refer to is fair play among Democrats, and such reform as will give us an economical and good government. This is Tillmanism.

If you have self-government, and have had government, you are to blame, and you can remedy it when the shoe pinches. Now you don't have self-government, and when the shoe pinches you can't remedy it.

WHY THE CONVENTION WAS CALLED.

Captain Tillman then went on to explain how and why the Farmers' Convention was called. He said he had something to do with having the convention called, and had been charged with having it done to get himself nominated for Governor.

Continuing, he said: Let me tell you why it was necessary to have a

convention called and some one nominated for Governor, or else we would be left by the superior tactics and superior organization opposed to us in 1886 and 1888. I went round with Governor Richardson to the seven meetings held in 1888. In four out of the seven counties where the meetings were held that had forestalled us and had elected delegates to the State convention before they heard me. They had the credentials of the delegates in their pockets, and so the old plow farmer had to go home and swallow Richardson, when every one knows he wasn't the choice of the people.

What did that State convention do? They made two important changes in the party constitution. They did away with the State canvass. They don't like canvasses. They don't like this canvass. They prefer working in the dark.

Then they did away with the clause so that a convention held in May may nominate for September. They proposed to

TAKE A BRECHES HOLD ON US.

If you will excuse the colloquial phrase, we are now just a little too smart for them, and we propose to take a breches hold. We have held our convention and put forth a candidate. No one yet has screwed his less by friend here is one.

Turning to Colonel Youmans, Captain Tillman asked: "Are you a candidate for Governor?"

"No, sir," replied Col. Youmans.

THE OLIGARCHY THEORY.

Captain Tillman then continued: For the last ten years the control of the State has been in the hands of a few men. These gentlemen would call their meetings and a few shall I say ringsters—well, ringsters, then, these were in the boat in the line of succession, those who would get a slice of the pie after awhile—these would meet while the farmers were attending to their own business, would control the county conventions and go down to Columbia.

We were right to hold a convention. Even the editors allow we had the right to meet and formulate a platform.

THE NECESSITY OF A CANDIDATE.

Is there a man here who will dispute that if the platform was left without a candidate it would have been broken down by seekers for office? Wouldn't the whole ring get on the platform?

In years we tried to get from their ranks some sort of a half way man to represent us. You know how we shopped up at it. I felt we had been burned at it too often.

They say I bossed and controlled that convention. If any delegate from Fairfield, or South Carolina, can say I approached him in relation to my candidacy, I'd like to see him. (A voice: "He ain't here.")

What would they have said, if I had refused, but that I was a moral coward and didn't have the courage of my own convictions?

CRUMPLED ROSE LEAVES.

Let me show you I'm not on a bed of roses. In the first place, my plantation has to be left to take care of itself, except what the old woman and the children can do. I have to neglect my own affairs.

In the second place, it is by no means certain I'm to be your next Governor. You know the other side is going to move heaven and earth to defeat me.

Then the torrent of abuse and calumny to which I am exposed is another thing, but "thrice armed" is he who has his quarrel just.

THE MAYOR OF COLUMBIA.

has said he would leave the State if I was elected. (From the crowd: "Let him leave.") I have heard of some who hate me so that they say they wouldn't vote for me if nominated by the Democratic party. (An other voice: "Let 'em go.") But you haven't heard a single Tillman man say he wouldn't vote the Democratic ticket whoever is nominated.

BUT ONE PARTY.

We have but one party. We dare have but one, simply because a division among the whites would let in the floodtide of the black vote, and that would be bidding between the two factions for it. The side that could hold the most and be nearest to being a nigger would get the black votes, and there would come again the days of good stealing.

THE PROCEEDINGS WERE DAMPENED

at this point by the rain, which had been threatening all the morning, coming down in big drops on Tillmanites and reporters, without discrimination.

It was at first proposed to adjourn to a neighborly near by, but the atmospheric moisture came down in such a business like rush for shelter that a general better shelter rush for shelter ensued.

GATHERED IN A GIBBERUS.

The rain relaxing somewhat, but showing no signs of cessation, at a little after noon the crowd reassembled in the lower part of the gibberus referred to, which was certainly humble and uncomfortable enough to satisfy the most radical advocate of economy and reform.

Mounted on a sill of the structure Captain Tillman resumed his remarks. He opened by saying that though the rain had stopped the meeting, he was glad to see it as it would help the oats.

Taking up the thread of his remarks where interrupted by the rain, he said he wanted to show the evils growing out of the condition arising from having, and daring to have, but one party which he had referred to.

He said: For years after we got

out of negro domination anything looking to the discussion of any issue that would create friction in the party was frowned down by common consent. It was thought better to suffer something than to risk a return of the rottenness of Radical domination. It was thought better that we should pull together, as we are now and had better do for the next thousand years.

The candidates found that it was not required that they should discuss issues and they appealed on the ground of personal popularity only. You voted for the slickest tongue fellow, who could flatter you or your wife best. (From the crowd: "We did.") We raised up a race of moral cowards. They are proving it now on the Farmers' Movement. Just see how easy they'll fly down when they see which side is best to light on.

DISCUSSING THE THING.

It is necessary that we have a full and fair discussion of all issues to educate the people what is fair and right, and then let them decide at the ballot box who shall govern in South Carolina.

I want to say right here if in your county you have any men running with the hare and riding with the hounds spew them out of your mouth. They are time-serving politicians and place hunters.

CLAIMS A PRECEDENT.

It is strange when we look about to see in what a flutter and in what a distressed condition the politicians have been put by the March Convention. Compare it with the conditions in 1880, when we had as candidates for Governor Johnson Hagood and Martin Witherspoon Gary. The crowd who had dominated the State since 1876 who do now and intend to continue if they can—they called a convention in June to choose delegates to St. Louis to nominate a candidate for President. They controlled the county conventions and when they got to Columbia they found they could nominate Hagood and Gary. It was a smart trick then. It was politics.

Now, we farmers have called a convention in March, and not nominated but suggested a candidate and what a howl goes up!

SOME SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS.

Captain Tillman, continuing, said among other things that he had heard something of their forming a Tillman club in that county. He didn't want any Tillman club, but wanted them to send delegates to the regular Democratic State Convention to vote for Tillman if they would.

He also said that the Alliance was not a political machine and ought not to be used in politics at all. The Alliance had its duty, and they had their duty as Democrats. In alluding to the Alliance matters, he said his remarks were general and had no reference to Mr. Meares, who had explained satisfactorily in that connection, or to Colonel Youmans.

THE REAPPORTMENT QUESTION.

was next touched on by the speaker who had a number of tables in reference to this matter. One table showed the population of the various counties by the census of 1880, the unit of representation in the Federal Assembly and also the number of representatives the counties would be entitled to under what he called a just apportionment.

He had also a considerable portion of his remarks on this subject committed to writing, having done so, he said, to prevent the possibility of error on the part of the newspaper men in reporting him.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Below is presented a portion of the matter thus prepared: I will now give you some comparisons as to how fast just and honorable are the methods of the party as at present constituted for nominating State officers according to Messrs. Jones, Woodward & Co.'s claim.

Compare Hampton with 18,741 and 8 delegates to Georgetown with 19,613 and 6 delegates, Lexington 18,564 and 6, Clarendon 19,190 and 6, Marlboro 20,598 and 6.

Charleston with 60,000 has twenty-five delegates, and Edgemoor with 5,844 has twelve delegates. Compare the following: Richmond, 28,573, with 12; Greenville, 37,496, with 10; Spartanburg, 40,107, with 10; Sumter, 37,097, with 10; Laurens, 29,444, with 8; Marlboro, 20,598, with 6; Beaufort, 30,176, with 8.

It takes more than 10,000 people in three of these counties and over 9,000 in another for one representative, while in Richmond 5,714 people, mostly negroes, send a representative to the Legislature to vote away the farmers' money and to oppose a school for farmers' sons. In Edgefield we have one representative for 9,000 people, Charleston one for 5,000 and an extra Senator to boot.

In reference to the question of reapportionment in the Democratic Convention I desire to be clearly understood. It does not matter who wrote the platform adopted by the March Convention. It was adopted by the body without any material opposition. It therefore represents the wishes and opinions of that convention, and we believe, a large majority of the people of South Carolina. When adopted not twenty-five men in the convention knew who wrote it. I am the exponent of that platform and the leader chosen to give it life and force. I have shown how much it means and must obtain in the present obtaining is to see

I have pointed out the crime committed against the just distribution of political power among white men bound together by every tie which should make them honorable and

just to each other. I ask you now whether this wrong committed by the Legislature under the influence of Charleston and Columbia, shall be righted by the Democratic party as far as it can be done, or shall we take the risk of a division among the white people which a failure to do so may entail?

THE PARTY CONSTITUTION QUOTED.

The constitution of the Democratic party provides as follows: "The State convention shall be composed of delegates from each county in numerical proportion to which the county is entitled in both branches of the General Assembly."

No one disputes that according to the last United States census (which the constitution now recognizes as the legal basis of representation) seven counties are each "entitled" to one more member of the House of Representatives, and consequently to two more delegates to the State Convention than they now have. Mark the words: it says "to which that county is entitled," not which that county has, and we demand apportionment as it is nominated in the bond.

Now, will the Democratic Executive Committee right this, or have it righted; or will they bow to Columbia and Charleston. Suppose in this campaign I should carry the counties of Marlboro, Spartanburg, Laurens, Sumter, Marlboro, and Edgemoor, which is not at all probable, and that Richmond and Charleston should oppose me. Suppose that the contest shall be decided against me under the existing apportionment, by twelve votes, what a spectacle will be presented to the people of unfairness among those who should be as brothers! What heart burnings! Is this the compact we made in '76? I could not submit, and I would do so cheerfully, for under no circumstances would I do anything to jeopardize the county convention. Accused, he said, he was the man who would build up his greatness on his country's ruin. Accused, three accused, he said, those who in South Carolina, confronted as we are by day, are engaged in these feelings of discontent, would risk negro domination.

While accusing me of "Madness," and thus trying to poison the people against me, signs are not wanting in plenty to show that the "ring" will hesitate at nothing—will take any and all risks to compass my defeat. And I believe that nothing but my election by an overwhelming vote will prevent them bolting the ticket if I am nominated. "The chip will split from the log" rather than surrender the government.

The Columbia Register has already declared its ability to promise 28 votes in the counties of Hampton, Horry, Georgetown and Beaufort to any candidate who opposes me, and the question arises as to whether these counties are better boroughs, and if so who owns them, the Democrats or the Republicans?

THE "TWO-TWO-ONE" CONFERENCE.

next received attention from Capt. Tillman, and his remarks in relation to the same were very sarcastic. He styled the members the apostles of existing institutions and termed the signers of the call "the three blind mice."

A Georgia Romance.

It is better to be born plucky than lucky. Four years ago a young Georgian asked a charming belle of the pretty town of Thomsville to marry him. "I will," she said, "when you are an officer in the United States army." Too old to get an appointment to West Point, this young Georgian enlisted as a private in an artillery battery, his purpose being to rise from the ranks to a lieutenantcy. He accomplished his purpose in just two years, for in December last he passed a successful examination at Fort Monroe and was assigned to duty at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, as lieutenant of a company of the Sixth Cavalry. He got a furlough and returned to Georgia on a visit. Of course, the greater part of the time allotted to this visit was spent in Thomsville. The result was as follows: At 6:30 o'clock on the evening of the 23d inst., Lieut. Lunsford Daniel of the Sixth Cavalry, great grandson of John C. Forsyth and grandnephew of Alfred Iverson, both distinguished for their services, to Georgia and the United States, was united in marriage to Miss Bettie Bruce, one of the most beautiful and most highly accomplished young ladies of the lovely and famous town of Thomsville. They are now at Fort Wingate. —Briswick Times.

THE SINGER FACTORY BURNED.

ELIZABETH, N. Y., May 8.—The fire western front of the Singer Sewing Machine factory, on First street, four stories high, was gutted by last night's fire. The flames worked their way to the main building, extending along Trumbull street, cleaning out the stock, needle, finishing, adjusting, and milling rooms. The department was also destroyed. Fifty thousand finished machines and 18,000,000 needles were consumed. The loss is estimated at \$2,000,000, fully insured by the Singer Company. All work is suspended, and over 3,000 operatives are listlessly gazing upon the burned building. Work cannot be resumed under two months.

Letters received from Josephine Marie Bedard, the fasting girl of fine museum fame, by friends in the French quarter in Lewiston, Me., state that Miss Bedard, who it is alleged, has fasted for nearly eight years, and who has been critically ill for some weeks past at her home in Lewiston, Quebec, is now recovering, and since her illness has been blessed with a vigorous appetite.

PETTICOAT RULE.

WOMEN TO GOVERN A CITY FOR A YEAR.

The Peculiar State of Affairs in Edgerton, Kansas—The Triumph of Petticoat Politics.

A special from Kansas City, Mo., says: Petticoat politics have triumphed at Edgerton, Kan., and during the coming year the municipal affairs of that city will be administered by a petticoat government.

At the recent city elections there the ladies carried the day. It wasn't their fault that they did. They didn't try to and they didn't want to, but they carried the day just the same, and now find that they must shoulder the responsibilities of the city government. Of course they might resign their offices, but that would be at total variance with the Kansas custom. Besides, it would necessitate the trouble and expense of a new election, and that the women have determined to avoid.

They won't have very much to govern. Edgerton is only a small town, and its most enthusiastic boomer dare not claim for it more than 450 inhabitants. It attained the distinction of becoming a city only by virtue of the census returns, which allows the smallest communities to incorporate cities of the fourth class, and to govern themselves by the same methods as their larger sisters.

Edgerton is an old town, however—this is in a State where nothing dates back further than John Brown's residence there, the Quantrell raid, and the border wars. It occupies a picturesque location in the southwest corner of Johnson county, on the Southern Kansas Railway. It is a quiet and typical village of the plain. The prohibition law has done away with the saloons, and the absence of the saloon has in turn done away with a great deal of the village drunkenness and rowdiness. The ladies won't have much to govern.

It came about in this way. A year ago the candidates for Mayor were Nathan Ross and H. B. Brown. Mr. Ross is the village school teacher, and being a man of considerable tact and some personal attractiveness, made a very popular candidate. Mr. Brown was a grain dealer and promoter of a lumber yard. He, too, was popular, and the fight at the polls was close one. The registration list contained only about 125 names, and the count was kept even with the balloting. It was a neck and neck race, and when the hour approached for closing the polls Brown instead of three votes Ross had polled every vote he could command, and defeat stared him in the face. His petticoat mind was for an unpopular resource. None of the women had voted. What if they brought their friends among the women to the polls? The plan was executed immediately upon its conception, and Mr. Ross sought out eight women, mothers of his favorite pupils, took them to the polls and they cast their ballots for him.

This coup d'etat brought consternation into the camp of the enemy. The only way to fight his opponent was with his opponent's own weapon. He pressed his friends into his service and they scoured the town for women who would vote for Brown. Finally nine of them were found and taken to the voting place. "Too late," the polls had been closed. The school teacher had elected Mayor.

Brown's failure at the polls rankled in his breast. He treasured up his defeat and planned the revenge that he would visit upon the women, the cause of his misfortune.

When election time came around again the political issue in the village was the Sunday closing question. Peter Doran, ex-Mayor, declared his pet in favor of the open restaurant. A meeting of his friends was called and he was nominated at the head of a city ticket on a personal liberty, anti-brew law platform.

All went well for Doran until a few days before the election. Then came Brown's opportunity for revenge. Both men and the women who had obstructed his ascent of the political ladder. He would defeat Doran by running a woman ticket against him, and at the same time humiliate the ladies and heap ridicule upon them by placing at the foot of the ticket the name of T. H. Strong for the City Council.

Now, Strong was the Micawber of the town, the corner grocery whitewashed goods store teller. He was ignored by most of the men and scorned by all the women. By electing him, the only man on the woman ticket, the ladies would be humiliated mightily.

Brown matured his plan, announced his candidates, and printed his tickets. At the head of the ticket he placed the name of Mrs. W. E. Kelly, the wife of the City Clerk, who had been appointed to the place by his foe, Nat Ross. For Judge of the Police Court he named Mrs. T. S. Greer, who had voted for Ross at the former election. In the list of the prospective Council he placed the names of Mrs. W. S. Ewart, Mrs. Nat Ross, Mrs. J. A. Stearns and the latter's daughter, Mrs. R. G. Holden, all of whom had assisted Ross to the Mayoralty. At the bottom of the ticket he placed the name of Micawber Strong.

The women were scandalized and indignant, but still, not fearing election, took no great interest in the campaign. The political enemies of Brown, however, desirous of seeing his revenge fail of its objects, issued a new ticket, omitting the name of the village Micawber and substituting that of Mrs. Brown, his own wife, thus stealing his thunder and threatening defeat to his plans. Mrs. Brown

was absent from the city and could offer no opposition to her nomination. When she returned she cast her lot with her village sisters and, rather than see them humiliated and made ridiculous by the election of Strong, entered the campaign with energy and fought her husband, politically, as bitterly as his most desperate enemy. But, the die having been cast, Brown was not the man to shrink from the result. He had placed Strong on the ticket to be elected, and he would not allow his defeat of his political shrewdness could prevent it. He went into the campaign to elect Strong and defeat his own wife.

At this juncture in the campaign, the Sunday-cider question became a side issue, and Mr. Doran practically withdrew from the contest, although a few of his friends stood by him to the last. When election day came there were three tickets in the field, known as the Doran, the Strong, and the Brown. Doran had the united support of two restaurant proprietors, with their cooks and waiters, eleven all told. Strong was supported by Brown who owned twenty lots, and a few who thought it would be a good joke on the women to force him upon them in the City Council. Mrs. Brown had the support of the rest of the community.

The women left the management of the campaign on election day to their friends of the sterner sex, quite generally refraining from electioneering, and only fourteen of them voted. The men, however, took unusual interest in the contest, and pursuing the usual election-day tactics, made a tight close one. When finally the polls were closed and the ballots counted, it was found that the women had been successful. Sixty-five votes were cast. Of these Doran received only eleven, and the women went in with a rush. Mrs. Brown was the candidate upon whom the light had been made, and she defeated her opponent, Strong. She received 27 votes to Micawber's 21. The city administration, then, for the ensuing year, is composed as follows: Mayor, Mrs. W. E. Kelly; Police Judge, Mrs. T. S. Greer; Council, Mrs. E. E. Ewart, Mrs. R. G. Holden, Mrs. Nat Ross, Mrs. H. G. Brown, the Treasurer, City Clerk, and City Marshal hold office by appointment. The women will turn the records out and fill the places with officers of their own sex.

Mrs. W. E. Kelly, the new Mayor, is probably the youngest Mayor in the country, being only 23 years of age. She is a native of Johnson county, and has been married three years. She believes in women's rights, although she says she will not allow her official labors to conflict with her home duties. She is the mother of a young baby who will preside with her over the Council meetings. She is bright, pretty and intelligent. She says it will be her endeavor to conduct the affairs of her official post with an eye to the city's best welfare.

Mrs. T. S. Greer will dispense justice from the bar of the police court. She is a very young, only 22. She is a native of Van Buren county, Iowa, but has lived in Johnson county for ten years. She is bright, vivacious, and quite too charming to inquire into the merits of "drunks" and "vags." She confessed that she doesn't know much about the law, but she does know what is right and what is wrong, and she will trust to her woman's instinct for the rest. She will enforce the laws to the letter. If there is a penalty to be imposed it will be imposed, "and not to be remitted, either," to use her own words. "What is the use of fining a man and then remitting his fine? They must pay up or break rocks when I am Judge."

Another member of the Council, Mrs. Brown is the wife of Brown the avenger. She is young and beautiful, and has been married a few months. She is a widow on the other side of 50, and will have a subduing effect upon the youthful Mayor and her Council companions. Mrs. Ewart is a mother of the regulation number of children. She is an ardent suffragist, and is slated over her political acquisitions. Mrs. Holden is 25 and the mother of three children. She is the daughter of Councilwoman Stearns. Mrs. Ross is the wife of ex-Mayor Ross, who defeated Brown at the election a year ago. She is 30 years of age and has five children. She is a believer in women's rights and will watch the experiment of female government with a scientific interest.

The fight for the appointive offices is quite as brisk among the women as it is among the men. Government jobs were at stake, and fair contestants are already bringing personal and political influences to bear in their favor in the hope of wresting their coveted prizes. There are several seekers for each office. Among those who want to serve the city in the capacity of Marshal is Miss Mollie Tunney. She is a handsome girl of 19 years. She does not seem to have a very clear idea of the duties of Marshal, and what she expected would be required of her she said: "Oh, you know, all I will have to do will be to fight the

When informed that it was also the Marshal's duty to make an occasional arrest she was for a moment disconcerted, but recovered, and a dangerous flash lit her eyes as she remarked, "I guess I can manage that, too, if I have to."

The first meeting of the new Board of officers will occur on the third Thursday in May, when the city will enter upon an era of petticoat government.

THEY LYNCHED HIM ANYHOW.

The Indignation of the People at the Law Delay Prompts Them to a Bloody Deed.

The correspondent of the Greenville News gives the following account of the lynching of the negro Willie Leaphart, at Lexington, S. C., on the 5th inst.: "Willie Leaphart, convicted of criminally assaulting Miss Rosa Cannon, was lynched here this morning. The lynching party numbered about one hundred. Some were from the country and some from town. Its members make no effort to conceal their identity and openly acknowledge and discuss the matter on the streets. The bogus detective, Foster, was in the cell with Leaphart when the mob entered. He was shot in the arm and had a narrow escape from death. By desperate fighting he freed himself from Leaphart's grasp and got to another cell. The mob forced themselves in a cell corridor and poured volley after volley in the cell with little effect. Leaphart keeping in a corner at the entrance. Three lamps were brought and he shivered them to pieces with a stick. Five men successively attempted to enter the cell and were cracked over their heads. After several hundred shots had been fired a bullet struck Leaphart in the head, hurling him to the floor. He was then dragged out and sixteen balls from a Winchester were fired into him. The intention was to hang him in Graham's yard, but the mob had to kill him to get him out of the cell. The lynching was caused by a rumor to the effect that Graham and Deputy United States Marshal Miller had obtained a further respite and had given the papers to Sheriff Drafts yesterday and that Leaphart was to be transferred to Columbia. Graham and Miller left here this afternoon for Columbia on foot to ask the protection of the Governor. The situation is marked by a total absence of excitement. The lynchers seem perfectly willing to take the consequences of their act."

THOSE AFFIDAVITS.

Governor Richardson has made public the affidavits on which Leaphart's respite was based. One is from W. J. Miller, United States Deputy Marshal, alleging "that after the trial and conviction of Willie Leaphart, Charlie Cannon, brother of the young lady, stated to depositions in the presence of other witnesses that he did not believe Willie Leaphart assaulted his sister, and that he believed that she had been assaulted by certain persons to state that the negro had committed the crime in order to convict him."

There are also two letters from Miss Cannon to her mother, stating that Leaphart did not hurt her in any manner except when he caught her by the throat.

A STARTLING STATEMENT.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 7.—There is now very strong reason to believe that the affidavits and letters which secured the respite of Leaphart were forgeries. In regard to the affidavit with Charlie Cannon's signature attached and alleging to have been sworn before J. P. Bodie, notary public, April 28th, Bodie has written a letter for publication in which he says: "He made no such affidavit before me. I did not even see Mr. Cannon on that day." This affidavit was to the effect that Ruth Cannon declared that Leaphart had not attempted to assault her and only intended robbing the house.

Capt. J. B. Wingard, the attorney who assisted in the prosecution of the case on behalf of Miss Cannon, arrived here to-day and said that he visited Miss Cannon this morning, who stated upon her word of honor that she did not write a line to her mother and that all the letters published, alleged to be to her mother and corroborating the alleged statement to her brother, were forgeries and that she would make affidavit to that effect at Lexington to-day. Captain Wingard said the affidavits were pure fabrications of Attorney Graham and Deputy Marshal Miller and if they had been made known affidavits in rebuttal from unimpeachable people could have been presented.

More Startling Statements.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 8.—Matters in the Lexington tragedy have taken a new turn. Fresh developments occur almost hourly and more are expected. Attorney General E. C. Caughman went to Lexington last night, and as a result this morning warrants were sworn out for the arrest of E. C. Caughman, Pearce Taylor and A. Marks as being concerned in the lynching of Willie Leaphart. The parties have not yet been arrested as they were not in the village. Caughman swore out a warrant for the arrest of Attorney Graham, charging him with forgery and subornation of perjury. Graham was arrested here to-day and his attorney, John Bauskett, sued out a writ of habeas corpus before the Supreme Court this evening. Bail was granted in the sum of \$1,000. Miller has made an affidavit in which he denies having made the original affidavit whereupon the respite was granted. He stated to the Attorney General that he was drunk at the time and that Graham wrote and he (Miller) signed it unwares.

Governor Richardson, however, states that Miller brought the affidavits to him and affirmed its genuineness. The Governor said that Miller was perfectly sober at the time. The other parties alleged to have written the remaining affidavits, and letters have made affidavits swearing that those attributed to them are forgeries.

E. C. Caughman stated here to-day that he would swear out a warrant for the arrest of Governor Richardson for being accessory before the fact.